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BRAMANTE, THE FIRST ARCHITECT OF THE RENAISSANCE.

A SUPERB and almost entirely bald head, except some curls at the nape of the neck; head, forehead, eyebrows, and eyes of extraordinary power, contrasting singularly with the extreme delicacy of a flat nose, and the mouth and chin,—one might say an amiable Socrates, with a still greater fund of spiritual wit and youthful vivacity—thus, in the "Controversy of the Holy Sacrament," appears Master Donato da Urbino, surnamed *il Bramante*; and surely in that charming and impetuous old man who, leaning against a balustrade, holds in one hand an open volume, showing with the other some passage in it to some one behind him, it would be difficult to recognize that spiteful and envious man, that wicked and obstinate intriguer, whom Michel Angelo never ceased to denounce.

He probably was an Epicurean, but not at all indolent, and his delight in life was always ennobled by great generosity and true elevation of spirit. "Patient son of poverty," as he was so prettily designated by his pupil Cesariani, he could enjoy the good things of the world or dispense with them, if necessary: in proof of this was his resolution, upon his arrival at Rome, not to hunt any employment for a certain time and to live plainly on his little savings, in order to have leisure to study the monuments of the Eternal City. It is useless to insist on the seriousness of a vocation with a master who, old and infirm, continued to work up to the last day with all the ardor of youth. Amiable and helpful toward all talents, without accepting any school or province, he was everything to all men. He loved merry companies, good living, gay conversations, and was even pleased with puns and drollery; but it is also from that animation and frank and robust animal nature, that he drew the extraordinary energy of a marvellous transformation, of a rare palingenesis, unique, perhaps, in the history of genius.

He had passed the best of his life at Milan, as engineer, architect, and even painter on occasion. In the plains of Lombardy the proximity of the North did not fail to exercise its influence on those who knew little of the other parts of the peninsula. Lombardy had no marble quarries: it was forced to use brick or baked earth, and these supple and easily handled materials were a continual temptation to play with technical difficulties and to make light of certain fundamental laws of architecture. Master Donato possessed himself of all these good or dubious conditions, these qualities and defects, in order to produce an original art, emotional and gracious, which had its grandeur, which had its reason for being, and which held, for a long time, in all countries, the justly-honored name, Bramantesque. The dainty, aerial galleries, surrounding slender cupolas; the tops of pillars ornamented with dolphins, hippocampi, sphinxes, infants with the horn of plenty; the pillars half covered with immense acanthus leaves; the polychromy, the picturesque and illusive effects: these are the unusual and irregular, but fascinating characteristics which impress you at Santa-Maria presso San-Satiro, in the cloister of San-Ambrogio and the Cathedral of Abbiate Grasso. During twenty-five years Bramante had thus triumphantly pursued his career in Lombardy, scattering everywhere his fine, elegant buildings, full of delicacy and the unexpected; creating a school of remarkable pupils, and seeing his style extended and blossoming along the valley of the Po to Parma, to Bologna.

In 1499 Donato went to seek his fortune at Rome. The classic ruins of the Eternal City immediately produced on his mind an all-powerful, subjugating impression. He gave up his lucrative orders, lived poorly, and gave himself up entirely to a profound study of the noble vestiges of a great, lost world. Absorbed in his thought and his solitude—*solo e cogitativo* is the fine expression of Vasari—he did nothing for two years but wander about the city, stopping before each broken arch, taking measures of columns, pillars, and walls. He broke at one stroke his Lombard manner, and inaugurated a style entirely opposite, the grand style of the high Renaissance, the style which has never ceased to dominate our modern architecture. And that immense revolution in his entire art, in his entire being, was undertaken by Bramante at the age of sixty-six, having already had a long and glorious past, having before him but ten years of a new life. The facile and winged inspiration of the preceding epoch, with its leaning toward the picturesque and fantastic, with its refinement of sculptural ornamentation and finical minutiae, afterward gave way, in the work of Donato, to a chief care for the effect of mass of beauty of proportion and harmony of totals; that is, if I may so express myself, the impersonal reign of law and inherent rules replaced the subjective régime of grace and pleasure. The Roman temples furnished him models for isolated columns; but he regained the massive Roman style of the time of the Cæsars, without losing any of its majesty and power. He knew how to unite

grace with strength, the prejudices of beauty with the necessities of the colossal, and architecture was for him a harmony—"music," according to the celebrated expression of Alberti. CARA.

MOUNTAIN ART.

GOD'S own architecture, the mausoleums of Nature's own handiwork. Call it what you will, but don't try to transfer it to canvas, unless your art has so broadened that you dominate by pallet and brush the awful splendor of the thousand and one transitory interpolations. Your heart, your brain force, poor, pigmy qualities at best, must be clothed with the rhythmic shroud of a never-to-be forgotten sorrow, that stills the beating of your heart in the shadowy stillness of a perpetual midnight; a sorrow so sweet that the heart-stinging pain lends only an impetus to the work of transferring for sweet mortals' sake the gloom, the evanescent light, the ripple of the virgin waters, the sentinel-like aspect of the age-worn pines or the redolent balsam.

The baby cloudlets floating o'er the face of the virgin morn bend down and swiftly kiss the head of God's own monarch, but flit with electric grace at the approach of mortal man. Gloom follows in the wake of mists, and heaven's own gates open to deluge the valleys below.

From the base to the pinnacle this volcanic upheaval and descendant stands in sullenness and pride, dignified and morose, yielding nothing but a diversified quality and quantity, unintelligible, unconquered.

Go where you will, to the Matterhorn, Jungfrau or Mount Blanc, clothed in the garb of heat, light, cold, and the drear mists; the Schusekopf, the Balkans, the Himalayas, I know not, therefore pity me. But the silent Rockies and the snow-capped chains of the Sierras, and the solitary boundary marks of Alaska, even to the drear Chilkoot, make the lesson of translation a corruption and a debauchery. It is essentially a lesson wherein one must study piece by piece every section, from the broad thick base to the cloud-hidden top.

Others have seen it, and I, too, have ached outwardly and cried inwardly with the new-born sensations springing from the millennium of a satisfied hope and a despair born of the human inability to carry away the great, glorious, and infallible.

The never-ceasing qualities of tone must come under a minute inspection; the earthy splendor of the natural phenomena of the ravines offers a multitudinous array of graces at once delicate and intricate, fitful lights and atmospheres attend you as you plod, plunge, and spring along the narrow trail. Death and life, hand in hand as goodly companions, point out to you the overhanging, diaphanous, frozen waters of the everlasting snows, and purple shades toy lightly with autumnal reds and play hide and seek with the fitful gleams of the introducing sun, scintling the mossy beds and earth-brown berries with a diamond dew.

Soft, coy, and winsome are these shadow lights that flit in and out between the sombre clothing of the heavy timbers, and the sprightly—aye, coquettish—sprays of the young and tender underbrush. While the rush of the merry waters, leaping over the crags and boulders, anon lazily idling beneath the deep reflected shade of the stalworth rock, standing with dignity of mien and patience for the time to come, when in the awful roar and crush of the avalanche it may find a companion to bear it company and become in the dim, distant future a colon-defying science of the flatteries of man to move it from its tenure free.

Face to face with this, the intelligence of the artist is bereft of all reason; he is denied the faculty of truthfulness. Reason would have said, go back, but curiosity and despair urge him forward; he clings to a foothold with life's strong tenacity, sorrowing for his Art, fearful of his body; he springs from crag to crag, from boulder to boulder, covered with the slippery, sliding quiltings of the water-washed mosses. Death lies beneath, hope, aspiration and ambition lie ahead, but he garners neither; the chill of despair checks the fleeting breath, the paroxysm of approaching numbness, like the approach of a human voice. He bestirs himself, and, cleaving his way, finds a sure foothold and stands erect an honest man and not an artist, his whole soul, divested, naked with the simple garment of truth, realizing the past as a farce and a hideous dream. He has been dwelling in a narrow vault of conceit, but now, thanks to the expurgating method of meeting Nature face to face, he has had in that one lesson revealed to him the light, the truth, and he sinks down ashamed of his own fraudulent conceptions of the past. He realizes that his productions in the past, taken from the base or valley, were as music without sound, a light that mingled much of shadow, a thin, sweet, empty vagueness, denied the principles of Art and a slur upon the majestic and grand solemnity of Nature's most glorious creation.

W. P. LOCKINGTON.